

Screenings
By DON ALLEN

STORK NOTE.
If it's a girl, her name will be Norma Constance Talmadge Keaton.
It's a boy—
No, not "Buster Jr."
Far from it. Just plain "Joe."
Of course, that isn't the way it will be set down in the family Bible, where the dignified name of Joseph will be inscribed—but anyway, if the Keaton baby is a boy, Uncle Joe Schenck will be just as pleased whether it is called Joe or Joseph.
All of which means that Natalie Talmadge and Buster Keaton—Mr. and Mrs. in real life—are anxiously awaiting the important event some time next month.

SWIFT WORK.
It took Al Gilks, Paramount cameraman, two hours and forty-two minutes Saturday to do fifteen seconds of work.
It all happened when Walter Hiers, as one of the characters in "A Gilded Cage," sits down to eat a few snails. The scene is supposed to register how the snails looked before they were cooked, and in order to get this fifteen second "vision" Gilks worked nearly three hours.

"The snail-actors were slower than some humans to find out what we wanted them to do," said Gilks. "Slower, but not much."

SOME DENTIST.
The grandson of the first dentist in California is playing in Rodolph Valentino's latest picture.
George Field, interpreting "El Nacional," in the Italian story, is a direct descendant of Dr. H. G. Blankman, who went around the Horn in 1847 and pulled teeth in San Francisco during the gold rush for a fifty-dollar-nugget per molar.
Then he turned right around and plugged up cavities with the \$50 slugs and charged \$100.
Some business man.

REVERSE ENGLISH.
R. William Neil, director, who has been rusticationing on his Bay-side, L. I. estate for several weeks, had inverted luck yesterday.
While strolling along Movie Mall, Neil spied something bright and shiny. He picked it. It was a Chinese luck ring, value a dime. Nevertheless, he slipped it on his finger and inwardly gloated over the luck he was in for. A gust of wind blew off his \$12 Easter hat and deposited it right in the path of an on-rushing truck.

Cursing the luck that the ring had brought him, Neil stroled, minus his hat, into the Lambie. There he found three dandy offers awaiting him, one of which he accepted.

FABLEGRAM.
A news despatch states that a school teacher broke her neck while trying to comb the snails out of her hair. The moral, according to Topics of the Day Films, is "Bob it."

REEL WIT.
Sat through a long unreeling of "bright sayings" flashed on an uptown screen last night and heard the audience roar at jokes that Joe Miller never stooped to.

But during the showing there was one good laugh, as far as we were concerned. It read:
"And what is an egg?" asked the teacher.

"An egg," answered the boy, "is a chicken not yet."

ANOTHER "LIST."
The National Board of Review yesterday gave out the following list of pictures as especially suitable for showing during Mother's Week: "The Old Nest," "Over the Hill," "One Man in a Million," "Humoresque," "Homespun Folks," "Old Oaken Bucket," "The Good Provider," "Your Best Friend," "Turn to the Right," "Devotion," "Dollars and the Woman," "Mother O'Mine," "Scrap Iron" and "Hall the Woman."
Enough tears in that bunch to float an armada.

GREAT CAST.
"It's a great cast they've selected for 'The Bitterness of Sweets.' Stealalook:
Colleen Moore and Antonio Moreno are the stars, and supporting them are:

The smallest pony in the world.
A monkey with "human understanding" (which does not mean that it has "happier feet").
Blanch Payson, 6 feet 4 inches in her fibre silk socks.
Billy Blotcher—four feet nuthin'.
A team of blackface comedians.
Six butterfly ballet girls, and—
A lotta scenery.

"C" NOT SILENT.
Harold Lloyd is beginning to think the letter "C" comprises the entire alphabet. During the past few days Harold has received scenario scripts from scores of writers and in almost every instance either the title of the story or the character about which the yarn revolves starts with the mystic third letter.
Among the "Cs" suggested in the manuscripts are: Crap-shooter, clarinet player, capitalist, customs inspector, cannibal, clog-dancer, college student, composer, conjurer, Captain, cow-puncher, credit man, curate, courtier and confidence man.

"I don't want to seem captious," writes Harold, "but doesn't it look like calamity?"

The answer, of course, is "yes."
RE-TAKES.
"Some folks limit their exercise to jumping at conclusions," muses Academy Film Publicist.
Every so often a big movie studio takes on the general aspect of a

JOE'S CAR



Cap. 1922 (N. Y. Eve. World) By Press Pub. Co.

THE BIG LITTLE FAMILY



Cap. 1922 (N. Y. Eve. World) By Press Pub. Co.

LITTLE MARY MIXUP



Cap. 1922 (N. Y. Eve. World) By Press Pub. Co.

KATINKA



Cap. 1922 (N. Y. Eve. World) By Press Pub. Co.

Nothing Like the Truth!

world's fair. A trip through the Paramount studio just now would reveal scene in Alaska, Spain, France, Germany, South Sea Islands, New York State, South Africa and Brooklyn.

Joseph Winters, widely known speaker actor, will have an important role in "Manlaugher," Cecil de Mille's next big release.

The word "Call" seems to be starting in movie titles just now. The latest "Call" drama will be known as "The Siren Call" and will star Dorothy Dalton.

This is Children's Exposition Week in Los Angeles and a big minstrel show to be given by the movie players will be the star attraction. Every one would be an end man if there were enough ends.

"The Oaks" a beautiful "beach-de-wah" mansion just outside of Charles Town, S. C., is the background for many scenes in Corinne Griffith's latest picture, as yet unnamed.

"Broken Chains," the \$10,000 prize photoplay, will soon be put into production by Goldwyn.

"Women Love Diamonds," an original story by Carey Williams, will be directed by P. Mason Hopper. Pat O'Malley will head the large cast.

A symposium of the screen will soon be published. Judging from the sub-titles, it ought to tell everything about the business.

Billy Be an promise to show us in his next Mack-Sennett two-reeler that he can fight as well as he can act.

And we always thought he was a good fighter.

Norma Shearer doesn't know whether to be proud or not. Yesterday a budding song writer told her she had been his inspiration when he wrote "Kiss Me by Wireless."

Rockcliffe Fellowes has again deserted the screen for the stage, this time to appear as a golf Don Juan in "Weary Wives," which Sam H. Harris is producing.

Ernest Hilliard yesterday signed to play another villain. He will appear as the bad man in "Linda," Vitaphone's latest.

TIT FOR TAT.

QUICK wit is a pleasant gift. A witness was being examined in an assault case.

"Did you see this man assaulted?" asked counsel.

"No, but I heard him cry for help," was the answer.

"That is not satisfactory evidence," said counsel.

As he left the witness box the witness laughed loudly. The judge re-ruled him, and reminded him that he was showing contempt of court.

"What?" said the witness in surprise. "Did you see me laugh while had my back to you?"

"No, but I heard you," said the judge.

"That is not satisfactory evidence," answered the witness.—Chicago Her-

ald.

The Day's Good Stories

THREE OF A KIND.
MAN who had been a preacher and later a professor of English at the Naval Academy, secured a position as professor in one of the large Northern colleges. He had a dog gray beard which gave him a patriarchal appearance.

While standing on the campus at the beginning of one of the scholastic periods three freshmen came along. Nothing but their queer appearance, and not knowing that he was one of the faculty, they thought they would have a little fun at his expense. One of the young men greeted him: "Good morning, 'Ather Abraham!"

Another said: "Good morning, 'Ather Isaac!"

And the third very politely greeted him with: "Good morning, Father Jacob!"

The professor replied very gently: "I am not Father Abraham, neither

am I Father Isaac, nor Jacob; but I am Saul, the son of Kish. My father sent me out to search for some young asses, and lo! I have found them!"—Judge.

NO TIME FOR FOOLISHNESS.
A PARTY was surveying on a farm when an old man came hurrying out of his house and asked:

"What are you doin' here?"

"Surveyin'," was the reply of one of the engineers.

"Surveyin' for what?"

"For a railroad."

"Where's it goin'?"

"Right through your barn, I guess," laughed the engineer.

"Well, now, mister, I reckon I've got somethin' to say to that. I want you to understand that I've got somethin' else to do besides runnin' out to open and shut them barn doors every time a train wants to go through."—Boston Post.

SO CONFUSING.

MRS. NEWLYRICH, by virtue of her husband's wealth, had obtained an invitation to a big dinner party, and as she was being

piloted from drawing room to dining room she noticed a marble bust on one of the pillars in the hall.

"Do you know who that is?" she inquired of her escort.

"That is Marcus Aurelius," was the answer.

"Oh, is it now?" ejaculated the woman. "But can you tell me, she added, "whether it is the present or the late Marquis? I do get so mixed up."—Houston Post.

KNEW HIS LIMITATIONS.

"KNEW a chap," said an artist, telling of some of his youth-

experiences in the Latin Quarter, "who painted land-

scapes, and when opportunity offered he would make a little money, to keep him going by decorating the walls of houses with rural scenes, highly colored in

claring that as if nature had turned color-blind. There were always cows and always they were represented as standing up to their knees in water.

"Why do you always put your cows in the water?" some one asked.

"Well," confessed the artist, "you see, I have never learned to paint hoofs."—Harper's Magazine.

POEMS OF PROVOCATION

Frank J. Mulloney of Mount Vernon has sent us a Poem of Provocation to be entered in the contest for the Iron Pansy. He says he wrote it just after his wife, Mary, began to make the dust fly at their home last week. The poem follows:

I seldom lose my head,
I've learned to smile at many things
That "knock most people dead,"
But there's one time in every year
That makes me seethe a sause;
It comes along in early spring
When Mary's cleaning house.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

"A man may be down but he's never out" may be all right as a saying, but many a pugilist knows better.

FOOLISHMENT.

He took his girl to see a show,
It cost eleven dollars.
They're married now; he keeps her home
No matter how she hollers.

FROM THE CHESTNUT TREE.

"My brother was arrested for find-
ing a pocketbook."
"Absurd! Where did he find it?"
"In another man's pocket."

About Plays
and Players
By BIDE DUDLEY

ALL the funny things that happen in a theatre do not take place on the stage. Saturday morning the telephone in the box office at the Globe rang and Henry Young answered.

"Is this the manager of the theatre?" a woman's voice asked Henry. "It is the Treasurer," replied Henry. "Well, maybe you'll do. I am trying to think of the tune of 'Away Down Town' from 'Good Morning, Dearie.' Would you please sing it for me?"

"Surely!" said Henry. Then he sang for the lady. She thanked him effusively and rang off.

"Guess I'm some singer," was Henry's comment.

"Not so bad!" replied his assistant, but the song you sang was the 'Blues' number from the show."

"To tell you the truth," said Henry, "I thought it was 'Home, Sweet Home.'"

HOW HE KNEW FRENCH.

Avery Hopwood, who is in Paris, went to the Comedie Francaise recently accompanied by another American who said he understood the French language. Mr. Hopwood understands it fairly well, but he does not boast of his ability along that line. After the first act a man appeared before the curtain and addressed the audience. When he had finished Mr. Hopwood's friend applauded vigorously, to the amazement of the rest of the audience. When he had stopped clapping, Mr. Hopwood asked:

"Did you understand what the speaker said?"

"Well, er, yes, I thought I did," replied the other. "Why do you ask?"

"Because," said Mr. Hopwood, "he announced that one of the actors had suddenly become ill and his understudy would finish the performance."

AS TO POPULAR SONGS.

Away out in Morrill, Kan., lives a lady who aspires to break into the song writing game and she has sent us a lyric as a sample of her work. It bears the title of "Daddy Bear," and is just a nice little rhyme. We have sent it back to her with a note saying it is very pretty as a poem, but explaining that it would never do as a popular ditty of this day and age. It is so hard for us to explain to ambitious readers who want to be song writers what the conditions are that we worry just a bit every time a lyric comes in. A popular song today is just a set of words and a tune that receives sufficient "plugging" to make it a hit. Usually it must be a song of Mammy, Dixie, smiles or love and, just at this time, it must be a fox trot. "The professional song car-penters write all the publishers need, so the outsider's chance is almost nil.

HEIN-UNDER THE KNIFE.

Silvio Hein, the composer, is recuperating at the Lenox Hill Hospital, where he recently underwent an operation for a tumor on the spinal cord. Dr. De Witt Stetten operated in the presence of ten other physicians and surgeons. Mr. Hein was sick all of last year. He expects to be out of the hospital in about five weeks.

A JOB FOR FLYNN.

Bert Gordon of 1875 Third Avenue writes us to say he and his brother have fixed up an act and want to do some "chance work." They have four songs and one of them does about five steps just before the finish of the act. Now what they need is a bunch of jokes. Bert asks us to fix him up with four good jokes, but we're too busy. And then Bert forgets we can get 50 cents from Billie for good jokes. Guess we'll have to turn the team over to Joe Flynn, the kidding advance man. Joe undoubtedly would take the job for a dollar and the jokes would be the best he could acquire from associating with Frank Tinney.

FIELDS ASKS A FAVOR.

Johnny Fields, comedian up at Earl Carroll's Theatre, went out for a bite to eat the other night and the waitress was very slow serving him.

"What time does this restaurant close?" asked Johnny.

"Not until 2 o'clock," she replied.

"Well, it's 11 now," came from Johnny. "You will see to it that I'm not locked in, won't you?"

GOSSIP.

"Montmartre" moves to the New Bayes Theatre to-night.

George Drury Hary has been added to the cast of "Her Temporary Husband."

A dress rehearsal of "On the Stairs" was held at the Gaiety Theatre yesterday.

The women's division of the Active Republican Club will see "Marjolaine" to-night.

Norma Leslie, who hails from the Pacific Coast, has been engaged for "A Very Nice, Too."

Blanche Terrell, a model for artists who want pretty faces in advertising pictures, is now in "Just Because."

Yorska, French actress, has come to New York from Paris and will be seen on the stage here next season.

Now Jane Richardson says she will not give those kissing lessons. At least, that's what she said when we applied.

The Hippodrome elephants will be shipped to York Pa., to-day to become a part of the Walter A. Main Circus.

Charles Hammond, who has been in films, has quit the screen and joined a touring company presenting "The Gold Diggers."

Leonard Bergman, Treasurer of the New Amsterdam Theatre has recovered from an attack of water on the knee.